

THE HERALD.

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Ladies, gentlemen and families, residing from Broadway to Mulberry street, and from Chamber street out between these, can be regularly served, by leaving their names at this office. We have now a regular carrier on that route.

STATE OF THE RISING GENERATION.

Looking the other day over the pages of a very interesting periodical, published in this city, called the "Mother's Magazine," it was suggested to our mind—"how many children are there in New York, growing up in ignorance and immorality?" On putting the question to a benevolent gentleman that we met yesterday in our rambles, he replied—"there are, at least, ten thousand children of both sexes growing up in the streets, lanes, hotels and highways of New York, without education—without morals—without religion—and almost without shoes or stockings for their feet, or provisions for their mouths."

This statement, astounding as it is, is even under the truth. J. J. Roosevelt, Esq. formerly an able and eloquent member of the Corporation, made a report on the subject five years ago, and, at that period, stated on indisputable data, that the youth of this city under sixteen years of age, that could not read or write, were twenty-five thousand souls.

This immense body of youth are principally the sons and daughters of widows, who have to work at the needle, or the wash tub for a living—and whose scanty wages can hardly keep their souls and bodies together from the beginning of the year to the end of it.

Only look at the alarming fact. A body of the ten or twelve thousand young human beings, growing up in vice and ignorance, the very midst of one hundred splendid temples for worship, surrounded by piles of wealth and coteries of literati, and interspersed with a thousand palaces inhabited by people of fashion, who frequently expend \$1000 for the confectionary gormandized at a single gay party. If the thunderbolt of the Almighty is averted from our glittering spires, or the forked lightnings of Heaven strikes the barren heath instead of these splendid palaces, let us not suppose that we "who live, move and have a being," will escape, either here or hereafter, condign punishment, if these things are permitted longer to disgrace our age and country. High rents, high provisions, extortion, avarice, and all the worst passions of the corrupted human breast only increase the evil. Even our civil authorities—the Corporation itself—that should provide a remedy, are but devising contemptible schemes of speculation, by removing the Post Office from the centre of business, or preventing inquiry into Gas Monopolies, thus adding to the calamity of the times and the expenses of living.

We shall investigate this awful—this terrible subject fully in a day or two.

Another great snow storm yesterday, closing with rain, sleet, hail and ice.

PROGRESS OF THE MECHANICS' MOVEMENT.—The recent riots have produced one good thing—they have brought forth the good sense and moderation of the whole body of mechanics and journeymen. There is a general movement over the city, in spite of the severity of the weather. Last night a meeting of the masons was held at the Fourteenth Ward Hotel, excellent resolutions passed, and delegates appointed to meet at the Convention next week.

A meeting of the sashmakers is to be held on Friday evening next, at Military Hall, Bowery.

A meeting of the shipjoiners was held last Thursday, and resolutions were passed, fixing their wages at \$2 a day, after the 7th inst., "in consequence of the high prices of rents and provisions."

A meeting of the House Painters is to be held at the Civic Hall, Bowery, this evening, at seven o'clock.

A meeting of the House Carpenters was held last evening.

These are only a few of the movements and meetings of the mechanics and journeymen. They are increasing every day, and as long as they act legally and peaceably, who can say they are wrong to adopt measures towards bettering their condition?

On the other hand, the employers and masters are busy getting up countervailing meetings. The master riggers and stevedores met last Thursday evening, and agreed to employ none who engaged in riotous and illegal proceedings. Very well—no harm in this. But why did not these gentlemen go a little farther, and state what increase they would make to the persons in their employ, in consequence of the increase of rents and provisions? If you unsheath the sword, let a loaf of bread go along with it. This is the best way to put down riots created by hungry bellies.

We shall watch narrowly these movements among the masters and journeymen, and see that even-handed justice is done between both parties.

CORONER'S OFFICE, 118 Wooster st.—An inquest was held on Sunday last, over the body of T. G. Gibson, a native of South Carolina, aged about 50 years. He had been for many years past a clerk in the extensive establishment of A. C. Rossire, No. 47 Broad street. He retired to bed on Friday night, in perfect health, and was found on Saturday morning on the floor at the side of his bed, dead. Verdict of the jury—"Died by the Visitation of God."

MISS WATSON—the pretty Miss Watson—is up for a benefit at the Park to-night. God I wish she was up for a husband. What a tremendous jam she will have.

Patience, good Katharine, and Baptista too, Upon my life Petruchio mean—but well, Though he be blunt, I know him passing wise, Though he be merry, yet withal he's honest.

Shakespeare.

Communications, for a week past, have been pouring in upon us from all quarters, asking, begging, entreating—"Where's your interview with Maria Monk?"—"Have you seen the little baggage?"—"Do you believe her story?"—"Do give us an account of your conversation with her?"—"Don't let Theodore Dwight, Jr. beat you with the ladies!"

We proceed at once to the story—for the idea that we should be surpassed by Mr. Theodore Dwight with the ladies, shall never be permitted to become current in the world. Well then, on one day the other week I embarked on board a Dry Dock stage, in company with a gentleman and a believer. Of course, I stood out and was a heathen and an unbeliever. On reaching a certain house half way to the Dry Dock, I dismounted and was shown into a room where I was introduced first to one very pretty girl—then to another—and then to a third, the prettiest of the lot. Mademoiselle herself had not yet arrived, but I must say I did not miss her materially in the company I then found myself.

At last Maria was announced. She approached.—She was arrayed in a narrow straw bonnet of the fashion of 1834, and a large cloak of more modern construction. Maria laid aside her cloak, took off her bonnet, and shook her ringlets to one side like any other pretty girl, showing a fine Madonna face, with a very pretty half Grecian half Roman nose, and a pair of very wicked eyes, which satisfied me at once that the subjugation of Father Phelan was not more trouble to her than the conquering of Italy by Napoleon. I then was introduced to Maria. "How do you do?" said I, and shook hands with her. She then took her seat by the chimney corner, and I on her left, and the rest of the company spread around like a half moon.

On sitting down we were silent for a time. At last the spirit moved, and several questions were put to Maria. Her countenance lighted up—she began talking—she answered every question about the locality of the Nunnery with great readiness. "Give me a bit of paper," said she, "and a pencil—I'll draw you a plan." She did so in a twinkling. "Here is the Hotel Dieu—here the Congregational Nunnery—there's the Church—here the secret passage—there's another to the river." Thus she ran on with great volubility and apparent simplicity, just as a young girl would tell any sight she had seen, or any wonder she had been present at, from Hannington's Diorama up to Peale's Museum. I did not myself ask any questions of Maria, for I know very well that you never can get the truth out of any woman by putting questions to her. They are always on their guard, and will baffle philosophers to nonsense.

Maria, however, is very plausible, and tells a straight story. If her book is all invention, she has a wonderful imagination. I do not think, however, that I am more of a believer than ever. I don't know what to think about it. She may, and she may not, tell the truth—the whole truth. It may be embellished by Mr. Dwight. But I hardly can believe that the atrocities she relates of the priests are credible. Men will not commit more villainy than is necessary to gratify their passions. That the Romish priesthood in other countries and other times have committed crimes, all history testifies—so do the priesthood of every religion. But it would be wrong to charge these crimes on religion in either case. As the matter now stands, I am positive in the opinion that it is incumbent on the Catholic Clergy of Montreal, to come out and show their innocence to the world. It can easily be ascertained by the British authorities in Canada, if the secret passages between these buildings do really exist. That is a great point to be ascertained.

In this interview Maria told me—"I am writing another book—I am half through with it." This book relates mightier matters than the recent publication.—She is writing it herself, but I doubt her capacity to do so—and I would recommend her to employ again Mr. Dwight, and give him another \$200. He can do a better business at that than any other species of literary labor. If I were not so busy with the Herald, I would cut out Mr. Dwight and do it for \$150—calculating Maria's pretty smiles at \$50 in advance.

I have not yet seen the young Father Phelan, Maria's young boy, but I understand he has a very fine, fat, tumpung Irish face.

Before I close I have one other idea to get off my mind—a piece of advice to Maria herself. "Gentle maiden—no that's wrong—Gentle fair one—You ought to get married. The Rev. Mr. Hoyt won't do at all. The Rev. Origen Bachelor has been hunting you out, and may want to carry you off. He won't do either—he associates too much with the greasy Infidels. I will advertise for a husband for you gratis. Meantime make hay while the sun shines. Many people believe your book. Don't make more affidavits about its truth for fear it would break the charm. Rest where you are. Twelve thousand copies are sold—and twenty thousand will sell before the public are satisfied. Consider me your friend, and just put as much faith in persons generally as you know by experience what priests are entitled to. Editors are the only fellows for the ladies after all.

ADVERTISEMENT.

WANTED IMMEDIATELY—A GOOD HUSBAND for the pretty Ex-Nun Mademoiselle MARIA MONK, formerly of the Hotel Dieu Nunnery of Montreal. Maria is a good looking girl, about twenty years of age, and has stood at that age for eight years past. She talks and reads French and English—understands Catholic

Latin—and can write a book tolerably well—all but grammar and spelling. She has at present about \$500 in her purse, and only a claim against her by the Rev. Mr. Hoyt for \$300, which he never shall get if we can help it. She has also a fine young boy to begin the world with, no small item in house-keeping. No Catholic Priest need apply—Maria having had enough of these people. But a sound Presbyterian Parson, of good character and tolerable appearance, would not be refused. Widowers are out of the question—but no objections would be made to a Wall street broker. Applications by letter addressed to Mademoiselle Maria Monk, and left at the Herald Office, No. 148 Nassau street, will be attended to.

THE INTERESTING CASE.—We have heard the particulars of the attempt of the Rev. or the Deacon, Mr. C—, upon the pretty widow up town, called Mrs. G—. The story on the lady's side runs thus. On the day in question, the Rev. Deacon called at the lady's residence, who leases a house, takes in sewing, and hires an upper apartment for a school room. He told the servant maid that he wanted to see her mistress privately as he had some special business with her, and as he was about making a visit to Philadelphia (God willing) the next day. Mrs. G. accordingly made her appearance, invited him into the school room. "Walk into this room Mr. C. the school is now out," said the lady, in her gentle accent, for she is quite pretty in her person and lady-like in her manners. The lady and gentleman walked in and the door was closed. In about five minutes a noise was heard—a female scream—the door opened—Mrs. G. rushed out—her face red as scarlet—her wrists showing traces of having been very roughly handled, and her raiment in disorder. She ran down stairs—entered her sitting room and cried to her servant maid Betty or Hetty, or whatever it was, "shut that door and keep the villain out."

This is the substance of the evidence as told by the lady's witnesses at a private examination in the Upper Police. The story of the Reverend gentleman varies materially.

Taking pattern from a distinguished stock operator, his Reverence alleges that the lady made the attempt upon his virtue—and that but for the quantity of heavenly grace with which he is endowed, he might have fallen a victim to her powerful charms. Her fine form—her black eyes—her ruby lips, almost made him little less than one of the wicked. He had however one of the most narrow escapes in the world—and he declares he will build a church or help to build one, in commemoration of his deliverance from the beautiful heathen. The gentleman owns several houses, and if he gets through his present difficulty at the expense of one or two of his houses, he may consider it an escape.

A full examination of this interesting case will take place at the Upper Police next Saturday. All the parties will be present, and a great crowd of spectators will attend.

WORKING WOMEN.—The following letter was read at a meeting of mechanics held last Thursday evening in the 14th Ward Hotel, and produced a flood of sympathy for the cause of the wretched females whose condition it so accurately describes.

New York, Feb. 25, 1836.

Gentlemen, sirs:—A female laboring under the same difficulties with yourselves, in consequence of the present prices of rents and provisions, wishes to know if there cannot be some way devised, whereby they can have their wages raised. I have no earthly doubt but all laboring females are wishing, as well as myself, that such may be the case; but probably knowing their inability as well as I know mine, they are compelled to suffer in silence. But I believe fully, myself, that if we could enlist the gentlemen in the cause, something could be done for us. I am, as well as hundreds of others in this city, struggling with a family, and do know it to be a sober fact, that an honest living cannot be made at the present prices that females obtain, especially tailresses. I am led to believe, that unless something be done, it will be necessary soon to enlarge our Alms Houses, and that too for the industrious poor, who would ever pride themselves in earning their bread by the sweat of their brow if they were not disheartened, and the last nerve unstrung in making the effort. My only motive in addressing these imperfect lines for your consideration, is to find out if there is not sympathy enough in noble man yet to do something for suffering females. I am convinced that it is not for the want of money that widows sit fireless, and poor children go to bed supperless, when thirteen thousand dollars can be raised in one evening to establish those in business, that I presume would not suffer in years as much as many of the poor has for the last two months.

Respectfully,

A TAILORRESS.

Thus far the "tailorress." We learn that a large meeting of these hard working females will be held, if a place can be obtained, to-morrow or next evening.—In the general movement of the mechanics they intend to take a part and see if they also cannot better their condition.

UPPER BULL'S HEAD.—There was a tolerable show of Beef yesterday and all went off at an advance of \$2.00 per head. There were between 500 and 600 head of cattle, and the prices averaged from \$3.00 to \$12.00 per cwt. Last week the quotations were from \$6 to \$12, and notwithstanding the severe snow storm, the butchers congregated in large numbers.

There were not so many sheep as on last Monday, and the prices varied but little if any from our report then. If the present weather holds on much longer, it will not be very unsafe to predict a rise in every thing of the meat kind.

Fanny Jarman, Reynoldson, Scott &c., are all playing at New Orleans. Reynoldson advertises for forty musicians.

[Correspondence of Hudson's Merchants' News Rooms.]

WASHINGTON, Feb. 27, 1836.

The Senate has not been in session to-day, having adjourned from yesterday till Monday. In the House of Representatives, the morning hour was spent in discussing the contested election for North Carolina. Mr. Graham, the sitting member, asks the House to postpone its action on the course, till he can obtain further testimony from his district, and the debate now occurs on that proposition. It is quite evident that Mr. Graham will be rejected and ejected, as the Committee on Elections has reported against him. Both the sitting member and competitor are friends, and partisans of Judge White, and hence it is most probable that a party complexion will not be given to the issue, notwithstanding it is evident that a portion of the friends of the Administration are in favor of the competition of the sitting member.

After the call of the orders of the day was made, the House took up a bill for the benefit of the heirs of John Latham, of Illinois, and discussed it till on motion of the Honorable William L. May, it was postponed till next Friday. The House then resolved itself into a Committee of the Whole, and took up private bills and considered them till four o'clock, when the Committee rose, and the House adjourned.

Last night a man was shot in a fracas near the Post Office. His name I did not learn, nor do I know if he was killed. I understand that he was shot through the abdomen.

Every thing is very quiet in the political world, and we hardly hear a word said about our Foreign Relations.

I suppose that Mr. Cambreleng will not be enabled to get up his New York Fire Bill till next Wednesday. When it is again taken up, it will undoubtedly be passed. The violent attack made on it a few days since, by Mr. Pearce, of Rhode Island, will facilitate its progress, and do it much good. An attack so illiberal, not to say wanton, has gathered for it new friends, and they will rally around it with increased firmness.

General Jackson, being perfectly satisfied with the issue of the French Question, now enjoys himself quite complacently, and will not be annoyed again during the remainder of his term of office. The indignation he felt and expressed last week, in regard to the Bank of the United States, has in a good degree subsided, and it is very probable that he will soon bid a "good bye" to the monster.

THE FOREIGN NEWS.—The intelligence from England, which was given through the Herald yesterday, was more full and complete than in any of the large papers, not even excepting the Journal of Commerce, which is decidedly the best of the sixpenny rascals.—The views given by a London correspondent of the internal situation of England and the position of O'Connell were much read and sought after. As to our miserable cotemporaries—the Sun and Transcript—they had not a single item of news—the former even paraded to the world the news brought by the Chatham to Boston, to 20th of January, while the Herald had news to the 4th of February, fourteen days later, and of superior interest to the dull stuff in the sixpenny papers.

NEW YORK GAS COMPANY.

QUESTIONS.—To Chester Jennings and the New York Gas Light Company.

Does Mr. Jennings own stock in the N. Y. Gas Light Company, and to what amount? Does Mr. Jennings feel qualms to certify any thing against said Company? Would Mr. Jennings have burnt oil in his lamps at the City Hotel for the last forty days, if he had considered the Gas light sufficient for his purpose? Why did Mr. Jennings refrain from burning Gas for the last forty days, had he thought candles or oil superior?

Interrogatory to the New York Gas Light Company. How is the extension of the late calamitous fire to be accounted for?

Is the N. Y. G. L. Company aware that when the thermometer is below zero, the atmospheric air is in such a state that the chemical connexion between the oxygen and nitrogen is so disconnected that flame is only required to make an explosion?

Is the N. Y. G. L. Company aware that it is in its power to blow up the city of New York by obtaining a few ton of manganese by which to manufacture oxygen gas, and by simultaneously introducing some into their pipes with the hydrogen gas they dispense to the public, any "auld wife" by lighting her gas pipe, may be made the agent of manufacturing an earthquake for New York?

ACCIDENT.—Yesterday morning a pair of fine spirited horses ran away, and came down Broadway at a most tremendous pace. A gentleman (whose name we have not been able to obtain,) who was riding in one of the Omnibuses hearing the outcry, jumped out of the sleigh for fear that it should come in contact, and as he got out, the tongue of the sleigh to which the runaway horses were attached, struck him in the back of the neck, and killed him instantly. The horses and sleigh passed directly over his body.

Two lighters arrived yesterday afternoon with a portion of the cargo of the brig Granite, ashore at Tucker's. If the weather had continued mild, the whole might have been saved, but it is feared that the late severe N. E. gale will destroy the vessel entirely.

Some scoundrel broke into Dr. Spring's library last Sunday afternoon to steal money. He must have been a great fool to expect such an article there.

Fanny Kemble sails for England on the 25th of April. She returns to the stage, and her husband goes into the orchestra.

MARRIED.

On the 23rd instant, by the Rev. Henry Chase, Mr. John Dillon to Miss Mary Herwin, all of this city. On Monday evening, by the Rev. A. Macley, Mr. James R. Easton, to Miss Jane Ann Timber. On the 14th inst. by the Rev. A. Macley, Mr. George Frost, to Miss Elizabeth Tiley.

DIED.

On Monday morning, 25th February, Mrs. Ann Johnson, wife of Mr. William J. Johnson, aged 39 years. On the 25 instant, Edward Orinwood, Esq., in the 71st year of his age.